Tim Aaron "You Grew On Me"

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You grew on me like a tumour
And you spread through me like malignant melanoma
And now you're in my heart
I should've cut you out back at the start

And now I'm afraid there's no cure for me
No dose of emotional chemotherapy
Can halt my pathetic decline
Should've had you removed back when you were
benign

I picked you up like a virus Like meningococcal meningitis Now I can't feel my legs When you're around I can't get out of bed

And I've left it too late to risk an operation There's no chance at all of a clean amputation The successful removal of you Would probably kill me too

You grew on me like carcinoma Crept up on me like untreated glaucoma Now I find it hard to see This untreated dose of you has blinded me

And I should've consulted my local physician I'm stuck now forever with this tunnel vision My periphery is through Wherever I look now, all I see is you

When we first met you seemed fickle and shallow But my armour was no match for your poison arrow You are wedged inside my breast If I tried to pull you out now I think I'll bleed to death I'm feeling short of breath

You grew on me like a tumour
And you spread through me like malignant melanoma
I guess I never knew
How fast a little mole can grow on you

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